

## AN UNEXPECTED \$10,000.

Willie Smith was nineteen—pretty, vivacious, ambitious, but just now the very much-discouraged owner of the Smith plantation and its encumbrances. Two weeks before she had been summoned from her school at Staunton by the death of her grandfather, and as there was no other relative, had entered at once into possession of the property. A few days after the funeral the owner of the mortgage had made an ostensible visit of condolence, but had so interpolated his expressions of sympathy with matters of practical significance that when he left Willie was for the first time aware that she was only the nominal owner of her plantation.

At first she was stunned, for she had already begun to make plans for the improvement and extension of the ancestral acres. The poor cabins of the negro tenants were to be replaced by new ones, neglected fields were to be again faced and brought into cultivation, and better methods and better machinery were to be used. Her grandfather had been easy-going, and impracticable, but she had supposed that her schooling and the house expenses had been met by the rents paid him by negro tenants. Now she knew that the mortgage had been gradually increased to meet the deficits.

This morning she was in the kitchen helping Aunt Chloe with the ironing, but her thoughts were busy with the formidable problem of the future. There were the expenses and interest to be met, and worst of all, there was \$100 still due her school at Staunton. She could not see any possible way to pay it, for the season had been bad, and the renters, instead of paying what they owed, were beginning to clamor for advances on the next year's crops; and the creditors had delicately hinted that her grandfather had already raised the mortgage out of all proportion to its security. In anxious succession her mind went over her own accomplishments in search of something that would be money-producing. She was fond of scribbling, and was fairly good at drawing and music, and had won a school reputation as a linguist. But she was too honest and practical to over-rate these accomplishments. They were good things to know, but would not help her at this crisis. No, the most serious struggle she could undertake to the creditor was to sell the plantation, and she would go out and seek a place among the wage-earners.

"Heyer's" yo' mail, Miss Willie," called Uncle Tobie's voice through the open window, and a black hand was thrust in with a package of letters. She took them and glanced over the postmarks carelessly. Most of them were from school friends at Staunton. Several were circulars, and one was from Leadville, Colorado. She selected this and examined it curiously. She had no correspondents in any part of the west.

Inside was a check and a short letter, with the printed address of a Leadville banking house. The letter read:

"Willie Smith, Talbotson, Ga.: We are requested to forward you the inclosed check for ten thousand dollars, (\$10,000). Please acknowledge receipt, and oblige, yours truly,  
WALDRON & CO.

She stared at it for a moment, then hurriedly examined the check. Yes, it was for \$10,000, made in favor of Willie Smith. But of course, it was a mistake. If she had any relatives in the world, they were so far removed as to have been overlooked, and certainly none of them was rich enough to send her \$10,000.

Talbotson was a small, unprogressive town, whose straggling arms reached out drowsily to the line fence of the Smith plantation. Willie crossed two fields and went down a short lane, and was then in the principal street. There was but one bank, and its cashier was an old friend of her grandfather's. She went directly to him and explained her errand.

"I reckon it's all right, Willie," said the old man, after he had carefully examined the envelope and its contents. "It's directed to Willie Smith, Talbotson, and you're the only Willie Smith I know. And Waldron & Co. are all right. Our house has lent it with them. And I'm bound to say, my dear, putting down the papers and looking at her beamingly, 'I'm plumb glad for your windfall. I can almost hear yo' grandfather chuckle in his grave.'"

"But it can't be mine," insisted Willie. "I don't even know that I have a right in all the world."

"Somebody yo' family has lost sight of," said the cashier, gently. "Now, there's a man over in Jasper county got a fortune from a cousin he hasn't heard from in thirty years. I reckon this is something that way."

"It's likely yo' mother's cousin or somebody else. Anyhow, it's all right, and I'm willing to take the check. Will you have the money, or leave it on deposit?"

"I wish I felt more sure," hesitated Willie.

"Well, suppose I telegraph to Waldron & Co. Can you come in again this afternoon?"

"Yes."

When she returned in the afternoon the cashier handed her a slip of paper. It read:

"Merchants' Bank Talbotson, Ga.—Gentlemen:—Nothing to explain. We forwarded check to Willie Smith, Talbotson, as requested. If the party presented it can be identified you may cash same with perfect safety. Yours,  
WALDRON & CO.

"So you see it is all right," said the cashier. "Now, if you will please indorse the check."

Willie did so with a sudden feeling of exultation.

"How will you have it?" briskly.

"Suppose you give me \$5,000. That will pay off the mortgage and make some necessary repairs. The rest I will deposit with you. And—suppose you let me have a check book; it will be more convenient."

The next few hours were momentous ones in the young girl's life. The mortgage was paid, and she was made to go to the hardware and seed store, and to painters and carpenters and stone masons; and before she went home a check was on its way to the principal of her school at Staunton.

In the morning men came out and made estimates, and they were followed by painters and carpenters and laborers, who began to repair the old family mansion, and to surround the neglected fields with substantial fences, and to build new cabins under the magnificent live oaks that grew along one side of the plantation.

Willie spent most of her time outdoors, watching the work and making occasional suggestions. The new cabins were surrounded by generous truck patches, and when they were finished she was careful to rent them only to industrious, reliable negroes. In this she was greatly assisted by the cashier, who came out frequently to watch the progress of the work and whose advice was always valuable.

One day a brisk, prepossessing young man stepped into the Talbotson post office.

"Any letters here for Willie Smith?" he asked.

"No, she called after them not an hour ago."

"He?" curiously.

"Yes. Generally her man Tobie gets them, but also happened to be in town this morning, and he told me the men working out there, I suppose?"

"No, not exactly."

"He left the post office and walked across the street to the bank."

"Has Willie Smith presented a check here for \$10,000 recently?" he asked.

"Miss Willie Smith has," replied the cashier.

"At her pardon I meant Miss Willie Smith. You see, out West, we get in the habit of dropping ceremony."

The old cashier looked at him thoughtfully.

"So you are a westerner, are you?" he asked.

"I was, but expect to be a Southerner now," said the young man, frankly. "My mother left this country nearly thirty years ago, but I have often heard her describe her old home. When I made my pile I concluded to come down here and look around; and if I liked the place, to stay permanently."

The cashier's face cleared instantly.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You can't help liking such a grand country. All it lacks is money and energy. But what part of the West are you from?"

"Leadville, Col."

"Ah, I begin to suspect it. You have been connected with the house of Waldron & Co., and called in to see if the check reached its destination all right. He came from behind the counter and took the young man's hand warmly. 'I am right glad to see you, suh. Yo' house never sent out a better check than that in all its life. Miss Willie has paid off a mortgage on her plantation, and is making wonderful improvements, suh—wonderful! And do you know, I'm enjoying his voice. If it had not been for that check, I actually believe she'd been forced to go off and look for work—actually forced, suh!'"

"Indeed! That would have been too bad," said the young man; "but—"

"There's no buts now," interrupted the cashier, cheerfully. "Her father's as clear as a June sky. If I'd received the check myself I should be using her name as a gem in a land that is full of jewels. You must excuse my enthusiasm, suh! Apologetically, 'but in a sort of way yo' house seems to have had a hand in the good fortune. But come into my private room and we'll talk over the country. You're to be one of us now, and maybe I can give you some points on buying a place. And I'll tell you about Miss Willie's plantation. Here's a new thought seemed to strike him. 'How'd you like to go out and see her yo'self?'"

he asked abruptly. "We close early, and I generally go that way for a walk. She'll be glad to see any one from Waldron & Co."

"Nothing would please me better."

"Very well. You'll take dinner with me and if I can be of any assistance in yo' work do not hesitate to use me. Now, there's the Calhoun plantation. John's Miss Willie, and just now can be had for a song. And, really, its best thing you can do in the whole country. But you haven't told me yo' name yet, suh."

"Smith—er. Call me Hamilton Smith."

"A good name, suh—a good name. We have Smiths in every county in the South; but I tell them a good thing cannot be so common. My mother was a Smith."

He led the way into his private room, and motioned the young man to an easy chair by an open window. Then he settled himself in an easy chair and gave a glowing picture of the Calhoun plantation.

The young man said little, but on his face was an expression of mingled amusement and indecision. And this amused indecision remained with him, and even appeared in his voice, until they went out to the Calhoun plantation. But when they returned late in the evening, it had wholly disappeared.

"Miss Willie is an exceptionally fine girl," he said, with suppressed enthusiasm, "and if I am not mistaken, the community will be proud of her plantation. She seems to have the faculty of knowing just what she wants and just how to go about doing it. I could not have planned the improvements better myself. Miss Willie told me she wanted to plant trees along her bank of the river, which runs between the two plantations, and that it would be nice if the owner of the other side could be induced to do the same. Are you sure the place can be bought?" abruptly.

"The Calhoun place? Certainly, and for a song."

"Well, I want it. I suppose it's too late to get it to-night," regretfully, "but if you'll arrange for its purchase early in the morning, so that the papers can be made out before noon, I'll be infinitely obliged. And I'll make it worth your while."

"But you haven't seen the place yet?" expostulated the cashier, in amazement.

"Yes I have—across the river, you know. Besides, I'm willing to take your word for it. If you can have everything settled before noon, I will go over after dinner and talk with Miss Willie about the matter. And you know how I'm thinking with an imitation, 'I've been thinking that those bluffs above the live oak grove will be a fine place to throw a bridge across the river. I wonder if Miss Willie will like the idea.'"

The next day the good people of Talbotson were stirred to unwonted excitement by the news that an energetic stranger had bought the old Judge Calhoun plantation, and that unlimited improvements were contemplated. And even while the report was being circulated from mouth to mouth, it was followed by rumors of lavish contracts and engagements made with the townspeople of the town. Decidedly the stranger was no ordinary man.

And evidently Willie thought so, too, for she would flash covert, inquiring glances at him from under her long dark eyelashes, and sometimes would listen with almost bated breath, wondering what daring scheme would be proposed next. He was so different from any man she had ever met—so energetic and impulsive and chivalrous. She could not help liking him, and she could not withstand his importunity any more than the reeds of the river bed could withstand the current in springtime. She offered objections to the building of the bridge, and he overruled them in a single impetuous speech. She did not like the idea of his assuming all the expense of improving the river, but did not dare expostulate for fear of the quizzical look which she knew would come into his merry eyes. Inside of a month she began to feel that he was as much at home on her plantation as he was on his own, but she could see no way to prevent it.

And, indeed, she did not want to. In the fall their engagement was definitely announced, and all Talbotson said it was the most suitable match of the year.

A few weeks before the marriage he carefully overhauled his papers, there were many letters addressed simply to Willie Smith; some were to Willie H. Smith, and a few to William Hamilton Smith. All of them were destroyed.

"It isn't well to keep papers," he so eloquently. "Sometimes folks see them,"—New York Ledger.

### CITIZEN HANNA.

His Masterful Generalship—Will Take No Offer.

New York Mail and Express: General Hanna had no need to announce, as he did in a little speech in Cleveland on Tuesday night, that there was no office in the gift of a President which he could or would accept. Even before McKinley was formally nominated, Hanna said the same thing, and while, in the opinion of a million or so more than half of the people of the United States, there is nothing too good for Mark Hanna, there is nothing too good for Mark Hanna, they know also that his superb generalship was utterly untainted by ambition or self-seeking, and that the great personal sacrifices of time and money and health which Hanna has made within the last year have been solely in the interests of a friend he has loved, because he believed in his heart that the political success of that friend was essential to the prosperity and happiness of the American people.

No political campaign was ever conducted with such matchless skill on the part of any general. With dignity, yet with perfect modesty, he assumed responsibility for the direction of the bat-

tle in every state, and with a faculty for organization unmatched in political history, gave the moral and patriotic sentiment of the country opportunity for the broadest and fullest expression. He made no blunders. He gave no offense to our allies. He conducted a straightforward, open fight, aboveboard and on moral lines. He has elevated political campaigning in the United States to a new level, which the Republican party, at least, will always maintain.

There is nothing too good for General Mark Hanna. We can only salute him as a First Citizen in the ranks of American citizenship.

### STOP THE AGITATION.

The Country Now Wants Rest—Warning to Mr. Bryan.

Louisville Courier Journal (Dem.): In the past four years the silver agitation has cost this country billions of dollars. It has, in a measure, paralyzed business, wrecked the fortunes of many, and been prolific of bankruptcies.

There never was any cause or excuse for it. In effect, it was a proposition to increase the wealth of a few millionaire mine owners at the expense of the wage-earners, whose pay it proposed to reduce.

Many of the men who maintained this propaganda were undoubtedly bought, or as they would state it, employed by the silver mine owners to work up a sentiment to the effect that if the country would only place itself under the control of the silver barons, they would take care that everybody else should be prosperous and happy. It was a gigantic imposture. Its success was predicated on the theory that the American people were mostly fools and would believe anything that was told them with sufficient confidence, iteration and strength of lungs. It was assumed that in a campaign of sound and fury against reason and honesty, the latter would have no show whatever.

Undoubtedly thousands of men who were not in the least deluded by the free silver madness, who in their hearts preferred the reign of law to anarchy, who had no interest in repudiation, allowed themselves to be drawn into this movement because they thought meanly of the American people, and believed that the rhetoric of Bryan, the anarchy of Altgeld, and the universal cussedness of Tillman would prove winning factors and secure office for those who got on the band-wagon in time. When cool thinkers too them that this was madness, they turned to the attorneys who had the retainers of the silver mine owners in their pockets, and were assured by them in substance, that every man who had retained his reasoning faculties was a hireling of Wall street, and had betrayed the cause of the people. Intelligent people, of course, knew that this was barely false, but not a few of them thought it would serve its purpose until after the election, so they mounted the repudiation band-wagon and rode blindly over the precipice.

It is not surprising to learn that Mr. Bryan and other silver attorneys propose to renew the agitation. But will they find a sympathetic audience? Are the men who have listened to these false promises of returning prosperity in case the currency is degraded willing to be deluded again? Do they still think that the American people are at heart in favor of repudiation? Surely the mass of them must know better than that by this time. Surely the most of them do not desire to court another overthrow. Most of all, the great laboring and business masses are not disposed to see business further paralyzed. We wish to go to work now, and relieve the losses which this gigantic delusion has brought upon the country. We desire peace. The country wants rest from agitation, and work for the idle. The supreme court of American politics has passed on the issues. Now, the people want a chance to work and make some money. The man who seeks to renew the proposition to deliver the country to the mine owners is a public enemy. But, seek as he may, the people will no longer need him. They will refuse to be "agitated" by powerless agitators.

### AN INTERMITTENT HEART.

Stopped Every Third Beat—But Mrs. Strope's Heart Now no Longer Lags but Beats Regularly.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio: In a large, commodious house at No. 104 Huntington street, Cleveland, Ohio, lives Mrs. Emily A. Strope, widow of the late X. M. Strope, and she is the mother of a young man who has been, and is now one of this city's successful and energetic pharmacists. Mrs. Strope who has lately recovered from serious cardiac difficulty when questioned by a reporter regarding her late illness stated as follows:

"Two years ago, I had my first experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For a long time I was troubled with an ailment which I feared would eventually drive me crazy unless I rid myself of it. It will sound strange, no doubt, to some, but my heart did not beat as it should. Its action was irregular. There would be two pulsations or perhaps three, and then a sudden cessation. My heart seemed to rest for the period of one or two beats, and then resume its action. Sometimes such lapses would not be so frequent as that, but scarcely a day passed that they did not occur. It felt as though something would strike the heart with great force and push it out of place. During that period, whenever I lay down to sleep, my hands would become perfectly numb and helpless. I could feel the temporary paralysis coming over them, but I could do nothing which would prevent it. My feet were effected in a like manner, and I had considerable difficulty in walking when such a spell had possession of me. Naturally that state of affairs completely upset my nerves, and any one whose nervous system is much shattered, can appreciate and understand, I feel, the misery, chiefly mental, which I endured. I lost much sleep and rest, and often I was compelled from sheer exhaustion to sit down during the day to obtain some repose. But as soon as I did so I felt that numb sensation come over my hands and feet, and I rocked violently in my chair to drive it away, but frequently to no avail."

"One day, my son who was keeping a drugstore at the time, brought me home some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and advised me to take them for my heart trouble. I did so and soon began to feel better. I used the pills about two months and they certainly cured me, for now my heart beats regularly and all numbness has disappeared, and my circulation is in splendid order."

We print the above hoping Mrs. Strope's experience may be beneficial to others who may suffer from derangement of the heart.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial

paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### AMUSEMENTS.

**HOYT'S MIDNIGHT BELL.**

"A Midnight Bell," Hoyt's greatest comedy, will be presented in the most elaborate manner, next Monday, at the Opera House. Every detail insofar as scenery, properties and accessories, has received the fullest attention of the management and no expense has been spared to, in every way, bring the production up to the standard of all of the best comedies. Hoyt's and McKee's well established for perfection in detail. The famous artist, Arthur Voegtlin and his extensive staff, has executed entire new scenery and accessories. Complete new music has been arranged by the celebrated Victor Herbert, conductor of Gilmore's band and composer of "Prince Ananias," "The Wizard of the Nile," and other operas. The cast is an exceptionally fine one, headed by America's favorite comedian, Digby Bell, and his talented wife, Laura Joyce Bell, the famous contralto, supported by a specially selected cast. The presentation will be under the personal management of Mr. Duncan B. Harrison.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," which will be presented at the Opera House, for the first time in Wheeling, next Wednesday, November 11, is a stirring play, in which heroic sentiment, thrilling incident and sparkling comedy are gracefully and artistically blended. The story is one of absorbing interest from first to last, and it is told in clever, entertaining dialogue, which is often crisp and sprightly. It tells of stirring incidents of Indian warfare on the northwest frontier, into which is interwoven a very pretty love story and just enough of villainy and intrigue to serve as a background upon which truth, heroism, nobility and unwavering fidelity are painted with a bold free hand in vivid colors. The climax in the third act, when Lieutenant Hawksworth rushes into Post Kennon, is very dramatic and thrilling and was admirably executed. In short, the whole story, whose beginning is in the hearts of young lovers and whose ending is wreathed with orange blossoms, was told in a way that was creditable to the company.

The J. E. Toole company appeared at the Grand Opera House last night to another large audience. The piece is pure melo-dramatic, and what abounds in byplay of a humorous character. Replete with romance, it chains the attention of the spectator by its situations and dialogue. The dialect of Mr. J. E. Toole, who is the central figure of the piece, has been pleasing to the mind as his face and form are gratifying to the eye. He is supported by a good company. A matinee will be given to-day and the engagement closes to-night.

Dan McCarthy, the well known author, comedian, vocalist and dancer, will present for the first time in this city, his latest success, "The Irish Greenhorn," at the Grand Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee, November 9, 10 and 11. The play is an Irish comedy drama, the plot is well and consistently drawn and tells a story with just enough humor and pathos in it to make it very entertaining. Mr. McCarthy in the dual role of Peter Carren and Pat Garvin, has two parts that best give him a fine opportunity to display his talents, and he has made an especial effort to stage and mount the play most elaborately and has given much attention to every detail, so a first class performance is guaranteed to all who attend.

THE only remedy in the world that will at once stop itching of the skin in any part of the body, that is absolutely safe and never-failing, is Doan's Ointment. Get it from your dealer. 4

### Blackwell's

**Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco**

Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

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Dan McCarthy, the well known author, comedian, vocalist and dancer, will present for the first time in this city, his latest success, "The Irish Greenhorn," at the Grand Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee, November 9, 10 and 11. The play is an Irish comedy drama, the plot is well and consistently drawn and tells a story with just enough humor and pathos in it to make it very entertaining. Mr. McCarthy in the dual role of Peter Carren and Pat Garvin, has two parts that best give him a fine opportunity to display his talents, and he has made an especial effort to stage and mount the play most elaborately and has given much attention to every detail, so a first class performance is guaranteed to all who attend.

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"A Midnight Bell," Hoyt's greatest comedy, will be presented in the most elaborate manner, next Monday, at the Opera House. Every detail insofar as scenery, properties and accessories, has received the fullest attention of the management and no expense has been spared to, in every way, bring the production up to the standard of all of the best comedies. Hoyt's and McKee's well established for perfection in detail. The famous artist, Arthur Voegtlin and his extensive staff, has executed entire new scenery and accessories. Complete new music has been arranged by the celebrated Victor Herbert, conductor of Gilmore's band and composer of "Prince Ananias," "The Wizard of the Nile," and other operas. The cast is an exceptionally fine